

# Original of Mr. Dooley

(W. E. Lewis in Philadelphia North American)

James McGarry is dead. His intimates knew him as "Jim," and although he is entitled to certain mortuary notice by reason of his long life in Chicago—and, indeed, one who can live in Chicago as long as McGarry did and endure the strain without showing it more than he did, is entitled to something besides an ordinary mortuary notice—McGarry, under the alias of Martin Dooley, has become an international personage. His copyright has been violated in many languages and in more countries.

McGarry was the model upon which Finley Peter Dunne fashioned his philosophical satirical character, although he by no means adhered to the McGarry lines of construction. Dooley is an evolution and a growth, not a copy or a sketch. McGarry sold to Chicago's strong man what he called whisky, at a bar in a room just north of the Madison. Mr. Dunne, in common with other ne-spapier men of Chicago, fortunately formed an acquaintance with McGarry, and was one of the few who have good literary material in the saloon keeper's observations on general topics.

The Dooley of Dunne is characterized by a cheerful sarcasm and an optimistic philosophy. McGarry was different. He took himself seriously, and unloaded his views with the impact of a bale of hay. He never smiled, and had a strong sense of his personal dignity. Moreover, he was not wholly ascleer to the value of the personal intelligence columns of the newspapers. In facial appearance he was as sombre as a church door. McGarry, in his "Patrick's day" dress, might well have been taken for a large, benevolent person of the clerical profession, but unaccustomed to the good things of the world in the sixty-odd years which his face and hair indicated he had remained on earth. It is not my intention to write an obituary sketch. It is rather to give a few personal anecdotes.

I remember one day going into his "store"—he called it such—down four steps, in Dearborn street, with Mr. Dunne, in search of a mutual friend. "Have you seen Vance Thompson?" inquired Dunne.

"Not since four days," replied McGarry. "He was in here last Cheesday, an' med a hurrah touch, since which time he has vanished from me field of vision."

"What is a 'hurrah touch'?" inquired Dunne.

"'Twas like this," explained McGarry. "He came a-rushing in here as if old Joe Medill was after him." "Thompson was then employed on the Tribune," an says, "Jim," r-rapping on the bar like that to call me attention. "Jim," he says, "I've got to go out to Kinsington, an' I need two dollars as quick as hell an' scorch a feather."

"He chur-med me out of it be the sudden jolt he gave me," said Dunne, "reached mechanically in the damper an' gev him the two bucks he solicited. I haven't seen Vance since."

One day a well dressed person, faultlessly so clothes, but with the peculiar "indicated" countenance of a "tough," came into the saloon. Jack Shea, then chief of the Chicago detective force, sat over near the stove. With the exception of Shea and McGarry, no one was in the house. "Give me some whisky," said the stranger, putting a 50-cent piece on the bar. He filled a shell glass to the brim. McGarry looked on with grumbled eye, for he knew that every drop above the opaque line in the glass was a financial damage to him. "Vud ye like a towel with that bath?" he asked of the stranger, working off a familiar Chicago witicism. The man sat down at the bar, and emitted as fine an outpouring of Bridgeport language as had been heard down town for many months. "I don't want any red-necked tarrier to criticize the size of my drinks," he said, among other things. "If your coffin varnish is 10 cents, take it out of the money on the bar. If it is 15 cents you have still got to pay for it, and if the price is more than 50 cents, just ring the bell and I'll yield. I've got plenty of money to pay for my whisky, and I don't care to have a bar-keep get sarcastic with me. The iron entered into McGarry's soul. His dignity had been violated and he slowly rang up 15 cents and made change for the customer. McGarry came from behind the bar, poked the fire and stood with his hands folded under his apron, lost in thought for fully five minutes. Then he wagged his head sadly, and, addressing Shea, said: "Jack, I'd give the joint if I knew what to answer that mug back."

A friend of the name of Louis Spiegel sat alone in the bar room. A large theatre crowd had just left, and McGarry leaned with his elbow on the bar. Suddenly he straightened up and went softly around the end of the black walnut counter and made a dash for the floor. Spiegel sprang forward at the same moment, and the two elderly gentlemen and long-time gossipers rolled around in the sawdust for fully five minutes, locked in each other's arms. Not a word was uttered; they simply struggled. At last they arose, and McGarry, locking his cash drawer, brushed the dust from his clothes, removed his bar apron and said: "Louis, the place is closed. It is closed up, Louis."

He turned down the lights. The two went out into the night. The next morning Spiegel was one of the first in the saloon. McGarry saluted him with dignity.

"Ye think ye'er a smart man, Louis, ye fancy ye'er a smart-man, don't ye, me by?"

"Not necessarily," replied Spiegel. "Why?"

"Dye know why I locked the house last night, Louis?"

"Because it was time to close up, I suppose."

"Naw, Louis, that was not the reason. There was another reason for the flure. I was afraid you would assassinate me if you found it out."

One evening, when the usual newspaper crowd was in his place, a strange young man, who crowded the latest modes in the way of style, came down the steps. It was one of the delights of McGarry's life to listen to the discussions of his personal friends, who gathered nightly. Frequently the latest himself business injury by locking the door long before the proper hour for closing, and unbent so far as to mingle in the conversation. At all times he was respectful of mixed drinks, which he regarded as a sin, and the time consumed in their manufacture wholly wasted. He also abandoned the class he described as "doos."

"Take me a Manhattan cocktail," said the spectacular young man who had entered.

McGarry willingly went behind the bar, leaving the crowd at the table to their discussion.

## Characteristic Anecdotes of the Man Who Inspired Peter Dunne.

"What is ut?" he asked, with acrimony.

"I want a Manhattan cocktail," repeated the late arrival.

"Ye'll drink whisky, or ye'll not leave this house alive," said McGarry, jamming a bottle and a glass on the counter. And the young man took his liquor straight. As McGarry made the change he said, in explanation: "A few doses will do more for a weak stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Price, 50 cents. Nelden-Judson Drug company."

McGarry was a hard man to entrap in anything like a confidence game. He was not particularly reticent of money, and it is probable there are 500 men in Chicago today and some in New York, who owe him anywhere from \$1 to \$50 each that they borrowed. But he was ever alive to possible fraud. I recall one occasion, when he became a victim. Frederick Upham Adams, author of "The Kidnapped Millionaire," and formerly of Chicago, is wise in weather matters, and his notions are more esteemed than those of the most weather-making manufacturers in the Auditorium tower. One day Adams and a confederate were at McGarry's place. The confederate was a Mr. Bernard, also a newspaper man. He remained outside the store. It was early in June.

"This is a queer town, Jim," remarked Adams, in a cheerful tone. "Downtown here it is warm and sunny. Over in Garfield park this morning, which is four miles away, there is an inch and a half of snow."

"Adams," said McGarry, solemnly, "ye've been buyin' ye'er drinks on th' west side agin'. Ye'll soon be a candidate for th' funny house. I've warned ye agin' it. Adams, minny times ye told me that ye had been taken in West Madison street make their whisky from a book. I hear there's a man be the name of Fink over there who sells fifty-six allons of whisky a day, an' in the last fifteen years there hasn't wan bar'l of booze gone into his house. When ye'er playing wid a string of spoils at such times as they take the muffs off ye'er mits, an' when ye'er clankin' chains an' sleepin' on straw at Dunning, Adams, r-rimber, ay ye have sane intervals, that I warned ye, and warned ye fair, Adams, there was no snow at Gar-field park-rk this mornin'."

"I tell you there was, Jim. That is why I regard this climate as the most wonderful in the world."

"Adams, ye'er dumpy, and I'm sorry for ye'er family this minnyet. I should be callin' the hoodie-hoodie wagon, instead of standin' here gossipin' wid ye, an' listenin' to ye'er insane maunders."

"If ye had the power of consti-tive thought. There was no snow in Gar-field park-rk this mornin'."

"I'll bet you \$5 there was snow there, and leave it to the first man that comes in," insisted Adams.

"'Tis a sin to take ye'er money, ut it may give ye'er thoughts a slue in th' right direction, an' I'll arbitrate th' matter wid ye," said McGarry, placing a \$5 nite under a shell glass. Adams paid similar observance to the etiquette of wagering at the same time stamping loudly on the floor. It was the proper signal, and Bernard came in.

"Was there snow at Garfield park today, or wasn't there?" inquired Adams.

"'Tis a bunco game!" groaned McGarry at the same instant, for he recognized the newcomer.

"There was an inch and a half if there was a flake," said Bernard, and as Adams took the \$10 McGarry set out the bottle and said:

"Drown the rickicktion ay ye'er crime, b'y, in drinkin' to think that at the age ay discretion, an' wid my experience, I sh'd be a come-on at last."

### THE MYSTERY—WOMAN.

Senegalese Chief, Married Fifty-five Times, Has Nearly Solved It. (Chicago Tribune.)

Who shall be considered qualified to speak with wisdom on the subject of women if it is not he who has had the most experience? Obengada is a Senegalese chief whose spouses have numbered precisely two score and fifteen. Obengada has studied all of them. He believes he knows something of womanhood. What he knows he has crystallized into maxims of great pith and piquancy. Here are some of them: "Wives are like weeds, sometimes; uuss you choke them off they choke you, and you cut them off they poison you."

"When a woman smiles and keeps her teeth shut, marry her for a colula who can bite when she laughs."

"When a woman weeps, pat her once; if she still weeps, beat her twice; if she still weeps, always to a wife; they like it. Cocoanuts grow simply to fall and lie around at the foot of the tree. A man with many wives is a cocoanut tree with much fallen fruit."

"A woman fights with glances; a man with spears. Some glances are sharper than some spears."

"If there is trouble in your huts shift the women; women must live together a week before they fight."

"Sond is the name of the woman who is like children and love them full as well; see that such wives have a family of marked ones."

"One wife is as if the clock always marked high noon; there are other hours on the clock."

"The wink is not known in Senegal; we do not blink at the sun or at each other. What we see, we see. What is, we see; what is not, other countries can wink at."

"When the cooks spill the broth in our land we put them in the pot to make more. It solves the question of food."

"Many women would rather be one of fifty-five wives than one of none."

All the World a Gold Mine. (Professor Shaler in the International Monthly.)

It has been reckoned that in the deposit of clay on which the city of Philadelphia stands there is enough of the metal to glid the fronts of all the buildings in the place. Here, the amount is so small that it has no more prospective value than that contained in the sea water. Thus, while it may be said that wherever a person may be on the surface of the earth, or on the ocean, there is likely to be enough gold within a mile of his feet to make him a millionaire, the places where gold can conceivably be won at a profit are relatively few.

The most important increase that is to be looked for in vein mining arises, however, from the rapid improvement in the modes of applying power to such work. The gain in this regard, in the last half century, through the invention of power drills, more effective explosives, better hoisting systems, and more efficient methods of treating the ore, is such that, on the average, in terms of labor, it probably does not at present cost one-third as much to win and treat a given amount of ore from underground mines as it did in 1850.

Making no allowance for future improvements in mining, we may evidently expect a very great and rapid increase in the annual supply of this clous metal from the betterment.

ready effected. As to the extent of this gain, there is no basis for a trustworthy reckoning; but those who have some idea of the amount of gold-bearing veins which can, with skillful mining, be made to yield a profit at the present rates of interest, will probably be disposed to agree with me in the opinions that, at anything like the present prices of labor, the yield from this group of deposits is likely, within twenty years, to exceed \$500,000,000 per annum.

### Unterrified.

(Washington Star.) "Aren't you afraid of the reformers?" asked the friend. "No," answered the practical politician; "not so long as they devote their energies to reforming one another and don't bother me."

Many people are suffering fearfully from indigestion or dyspepsia, when one single bottle of HERBINE would bring about a prompt and permanent cure. A few doses will do more for a weak stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Price, 50 cents. Nelden-Judson Drug company.

BIBLE OWNED BY THE AMER.

Interesting Letter in Which He Thanked the Donor of It. (London Telegraph.)

Abdur Rahman thought much about religious problems. It is not, however, generally known that he was the possessor of a copy of the New Testament in Loewenthal's erudite translation into Pushtu, which was forwarded to him by Rev. Worthington Jukes of the Church Missionary Society, stationed in the Punjab, just after the great durbar held at Rawal Pindi by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, as viceroy, in 1884.

Acknowledging this, the ameer wrote, in his own hand, to Mr. Jukes: "I received your letter. You had regretted therein that you had been unable to see me, and that, through lack of leisure, you could not, for my part, I am exceedingly sorry that during my present visit to the Indian frontier, I had not the opportunity of seeing the most learned and intellectual of the British kingdom. Everything has its own allotted time. The copy of the Bible which you have sent I have received, and I accept it with great reverence. Though we have nothing to do with all that is written therein, yet we respect it, accepting it as a book handed to us by God. I shall take extracts of all those verses which fully correspond with those of our Koran, besides all such passages as are interesting; I shall act upon them. I have had the greatest pleasure in receiving this present, which is the best of all."

### SCANDAL ON AN OCEAN LINER.

Feeling Aroused by a New Yorker With "Violet and Wife."

A well-known New Yorker returned recently from Europe on one of the large liners, and for several days was subjected to unfavorable criticism by his fellow-passengers, who did not know that he was not responsible for a novelty on the passenger list. His name appeared there followed by the words "violet and wife."

Soon after the other travelers scanned the passenger lists there was a buzz of comment that a man should have so closely linked the names of his wife and a servant, and women who knew him

by sight glared as they passed him on deck. Men told one another what they thought of him for doing such a thing, and women wondered what his wife would do when she saw the way in which she was entered on the list.

After a while it was noticed that the passenger seemed to be very much alone, for one who had a wife with him. This was gradually made known that he had no wife on board, but was taking back to his home a married violet, and the violet's wife was the one who figured on the passenger list. But by the time this discovery was made the innocent traveler had aroused so much feeling on the ship that he would probably never have succeeded in making friends with his fellow-passengers even if he had wanted to.

### A Warm Anti-Tammany Toast.

(New York Press.) Many of the successful candidates on the fusion and Republican tickets were the guests at a dinner given by the West Side Republican club, 2307 Broadway. It was a jubilee affair and the speeches were all in reference to the victory. One of the principal speakers was John S. Wise of Virginia. Mr. Wise evoked much cheering and laughter by offering this toast to Tammany: "To Tammany hall and Dick Croker."

its pilot! May they be put to sea in an open boat without a rudder or compass. May that boat be swallowed by a shark and that shark by a whale in the devil's belly in the southwest corner of hades, with the door locked and the key lost, and a northwest wind blowing the ashes in his eyes for ever and ever."

Juggling With a Name. (Denver Republican.) Before going into print hereafter the Thompson-Seton who was Seton-Thompson will have to make sure that his name is on straight.

Part of His Duties. (Kansas City Star.) To each president it is given at least once to receive a petition from the W. T. U. not to serve wine at the White House.

A Dark and Muddy Complexion. Does not become a neat woman. Lane's Tea will cure constipation, clear up the skin, sharpen the appetite and make you look and feel like a new person. It acts gently upon the stomach, liver and bowels. For sale by Godde-Pitts Drug company.

<b>All Wool Elder- downs 35c</b>	<b>75c Polka Dot French Flannels for 40c</b>	<b>Sale of Fine Toilet Soaps.</b>	<b>Knit Fascinators</b>	<b>Babies' Elderdown Sacosques.</b>
A small lot of about 100 yards of pure all-wool Elderdown, edges slightly soiled, will come out good as new after one washing, sold regularly for 75c, while it lasts, 35c per yard, only 35c	A full assortment of High-grade French Flannels, polka dot patterns only, the kind we sell elsewhere at 75c. This week's special, 40c per yard	Pure Olive Oil White Castile Soap 4c Wash Rag Soap 5c 421 Pure Almond Soap, Brown's Medicated Tea Soap and Cuticle Soaps, per cake 7c R. & G. Almond Soap 12c	Crown Perfumery Company's Celebrated English Soap, regular price 25c per cake 14c Roger & Gallet's regular 25c Soaps 20c Pinard's Highly Scented Soaps, regular price 35c per cake 23c Roger & Gallet's Exquisite 25c cakes, 75c size, only 55c week 49c	A choice lot of Fascinators, in pink, blue and white, hood style with head pompons; also small zephyr knit Shawls, in dainty pink, blue and cream, week 49c

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Raglan for \$12.75 Raglan for \$14.95 New Market for \$17.00 New Market for \$22.50	Children's Visor Cloth Caps, excellent assortment for— 25c Misses' Cloth Tam-o-Shanters, assorted colors— 35c Misses' Camel's Hair Tams, in all pretty colors, only— 65c	The popular Blue and White, Brown and White and Gray and White mixtures in an excellent grade of outing flannels. Regular 12 1/2c quality, per yard 10c	White Swiss Curtain Net, with ruffle and lace edge, 40 inches wide. Sale price, per yard— 25c Point d'Esprit Net, with deep ruffled lace edge, 30 inches wide; hemmed ready for use. Per yard, only— 50c	\$2.98 For Black Venetian Cloth Skirts, flaring flounce, headed with three rows of stitched satin. Regular \$3.50 and \$4.50 Skirts. \$4.25 For Cheviot Dress Skirts, black, gray, blue and brown, graduated flounce, tucked in perpendicular clusters, headed with stitched bands of cloth and another style made with deep graduated corded flounce. Regular \$5.00 to \$5.50 Skirts. \$6.75 For Fine Dress Skirts, of best quality Venetian and broadcloth, large assortment to select from, flounces are corded, stitched, satin band trimmed, velvet piped, etc.; black, brown, navy, royal and gray. Regular \$10.00 Skirts. \$7.95 For Extra Fine Walking Skirts, three styles, some with three pointed stitched ruffles, others elaborately tucked or stitched, fancy effect. Regular \$12.50 Skirts.	Strongly Made Change Chatelaines, leather lined— 23c Women's Combination Pocketbooks and Card Cases, in all colored leathers. Regular 60c values— 45c Combination Card Cases and Pocket-books, fine sterling silver mounted corners, all colors. Regular \$1.00 values— 75c Fine Leather Hand Chatelaine Bags, The new long shape, well made and finished, for— 75c

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